

"Yes," smiled the Hostess House director, after she had seen the frail little woman in black who was introduced to her and who spoke such clear, ultra-American English, "I'm sure we can find a room for her tonight."

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1919.

IN BEING

The three-day caucus which closed Monday in Paris marks the inception, so far as the A.E.F. is concerned, of the first authentic, all-embracing association of land and sea veterans that has come out of America's participation in the war.

A score of organizations, in France and in America, have already made localized, misdirected or otherwise unfortunate attempts at a similar coalition of America's fighting men—a term which honorably includes those American soldiers who did not get to France, but who, as the great reserve, were clearly before the minds of the German armistice delegates.

These other attempts have failed, in every instance, either because they did not have their roots in, or gain their initial impulse from, the whole American Army.

The impetus that has already established the new association on the road to actual organization has come directly from the Army, and the whole Army. More than that, it has come spontaneously. It is something for which no one person, or group of persons, can in all honesty claim individual credit.

There had to be a veterans' association as surely as there had to be victory. That it actually started at a representative meeting of members of the A.E.F. in Paris on March 16, 1919, is simply to single out the peg on which history will hang it. It might have been done somewhere else at some other time. But the happy fact is that it has been done, that it has started, and that every man in the A.E.F. is a member of it unless—without privilege he freely owns—he chooses not to be.

STILL BACKING US

The loyalty to the Yank of his folks back home didn't blow up with a pop like a busted tire the minute the armistice was signed. From all signs and tokens, the backing-up process is still going on with might and main.

Here is an extract from a letter, written from a semi-rural community that might be anywhere in the States, but just happens to be New England, to prove it.

We had a great time here getting into the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fourth of July. They made about \$5000 last Fourth of July and wanted to make it \$10,000 before the division came home. The ticket plan was really a lot better than what they had before, but somehow, those tickets went.

I had to push them, and when I said I heartily disapproved of it, and I wondered my reverend father didn't turn over in his grave, and that he always made his little boys give back their money, etc., a good, staunch Congregationalist wife of a deacon who is principal of the Blank Street School, picked up a goodly sum of money, and said: "It's for the boys! I'll take it!" And at 10 per cent, they began to go.

After that, I made the D.A.R. get a move on, secured the hall, advertised the party widely, staged a food sale along with the entertainment, and the whole thing was a howling success. We went well over the \$10,000 we needed. Now, if some of the boys need to go to the Adirondacks to rid their blessed lungs of the fumes of a cigarette, a little help quietly applied, we shall have had a hand in it, thank God!

You see? They bet on us while the war was on, and now that it's over they're willing to bet for us, deacons, deacons' wives, and all. Pretty good folks, eh? Pretty fine folks to go back to!

POOR COBLENZ

In Fismes, the Vesle city where many young Americans fought and died through the hot weeks of last August, the havoc wrought by the guns was so complete that there are only heaps of crumbled stone left to welcome those hardy families that are creeping back to forge amid the ruins a new existence.

The people of Juvigny must needs set up housekeeping in our old dugouts, for there were no roofs or walls left when the battle swept on toward the frontier.

Coblentz is so different—Coblentz, with its fine houses, its smart cafes, its crowded opera, its fair boulevards, untouched by war. Only in matters of the spirit is Coblentz poorer.

But it is that spiritual thing which will still be the rich possession of the ruined French towns long after time and toil and the friendship of the world have effaced all the marks of the purely physical loss they have suffered.

It is that spiritual thing which would decide your answer to the question:

"Which would you rather be today—a citizen of Coblentz or a citizen of Fismes?"

WHERE THEY FELL

In little roadside cemeteries, each sodless, issue grave marked by its wooden cross, our dead lie sleeping in the soil of France.

Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt's father and mother asked the War Department that his body be left forever as a part of that soil. It is probably the feeling throughout America, and it is certainly the feeling throughout the A.E.F., that the American soldiers who fell in this war should always lie buried along the roads they died defending.

But after all, it is not for us or even America to decide. If there is any mother in some lonely home in the States who wants the body of her boy borne back across the seas, who would care to say no? Or who would have the right?

TORIES

Complacency is the name of the vice which, in Army mess kitchens, leaves in the crevices of G.I. stew pans the microscopic refuse of immemorial meals bygone; which reeks not of open latrines, or unchlorinated water, or empty canteens the night before the barrage. Happily, the Army has people whose business it is to kill this sort of complacency, or better still, to prevent it. But

there is a complacency fashioned on a far grander scale than this. It is the sort of complacency which is now feebly lifting its voice for a return to the world-as-it-used-to-be.

It wasn't such a bad old world. There were good times, and dances, and plenty of sugar, and jitneys, and 35-cent table d'hôtes, and not a single woman in overalls. Automobiles killed occasionally, and sometimes there was a murder, and daredevils climbed ten-story buildings by clinging to nothing to boost the sale of Sevenpenny Sox.

The beauty of it is, for those of us who long for these things as we long for anything not connected with sleeping 80 in a room and washing at a community pump, that the new world will contain all these delights just as surely as the old did. But it was the old world, the world which the complacent Tories of our day want back, that, among its other frivolities, made this war possible.

MARCH 21

A year ago today the German Army launched on the British front the overwhelming drive which wracked the Allied lines. A year ago today was struck the first of that succession of sledge-hammer blows which exhausted to ruination the once formidable strength of the Central Empires, a blow made on the gambler's chance that Germany could win the war before the Americans arrived in large enough numbers to count.

So great, so unprecedentedly great, is the change which has come over the world in the course of that year that it is difficult for us to realize now how oppressive was the black anxiety of the three months which followed. It is difficult to recall the feeling that was in all our hearts when Sir Douglas Haig's challenging battery rang out across a startled world. It is difficult to believe that a year ago the troops of the British Empire were fighting with their backs against the wall. As for ourselves—well, we, like John Paul Jones, had not yet begun to fight.

It is probable that nowhere in the Allied world were there well-informed men who believed that the first anniversary of the St. Quentin disaster would see the envoys of the Allied Governments assembled in Paris for the finishing touches on a peace treaty of their own free composition. It is certainly no secret that in American military circles the people who should know felt that we would be doing well if we could evade destruction in 1918, hold the Germans to a draw in 1919, and come into our own in 1920.

Now, in the leisure for reflection afforded by the somewhat tedious process of sitting around France waiting for a boat, it is worth while remembering that, according to the best prophets, the chances a year ago were decidedly against our ever going home at all. And if some of us persist in feeling cheerful even through all this creeping business of demobilization, perhaps it is because we realize we have been far, far luckier than we had dared to hope.

When the days seem very long and when the powers that be seem to have forgotten that your outfit ever existed, remember what might have been. Remember what came painfully near to being. Remember that all the evidence last spring pointed to the prospect that March 21, 1919, would see the American Expeditionary Forces just entering on an offensive, compared with which, in lives lost, bodies mutilated and fortunes squandered, the Meuse-Argonne battle would have been made to seem like a playful skirmish.

WHAT AMERICA ASKS

Said President Wilson in his homecoming speech in Boston:

The proudest thing I have to report is that this great country is trusted throughout the world. This confidence imposes a burden upon us—if you choose to call it a burden. It is one of those burdens any nation ought to be proud to carry.

Yes, it is a proud burden, certainly. In all the pregnant years of the last two and a half centuries in which the United States has been a pioneer in the march of civilization there can have been no moments when an American could feel more justly proud of his nation and his nationality than now. In all the complexities of today, in all the debate, all the contriving, all the fogging of issues, one fact stands out transcendently:

Whatever America asks, whatever she demands, however she casts her inuence, there is never the suggestion that her motive is other than unselfish and sincere. And her influence is the more potent in consequence.

One hundred thousand lives, a two years' pause in her industrial progress, two years of discomfort, sometimes suffering, for several millions of her sons and daughters is the price America has paid. In recompense she asks merely a better world—not better for America, especially, but for all the peoples of the world.

THE PENALTY

The shindig in London ten days ago, which has passed into history as the Battle of Bow Street, has more than one embarrassment for the A.E.F.

We are obliged, for example, to sit politely silent and even unsmiling under the provocation of the following paragraph from a London newspaper's account of the affair: "Shooting the dice" is the name of the gambling game which was the cause of yesterday's trouble. It is a game which developed into a mania with United States troops in France. Frequently large groups of players had to be separated when dining under shell fire to prevent heavy casualties.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Pvt. John De Pastino is a member of a detachment of Pioneer Infantry. He had reason to know the manual of arms better than English grammar, because the call to the Army came before he had finished his schooling. Recently he applied for a leave to visit his birthplace in Italy, concluding his application thus:

"This request is granted me, I promise to the extent that I am permitted to comfort myself as would be expected of me as an American soldier."

"—as would be expected of me as an American soldier."

Be he a peanut vendor or capitalist, of Italian descent or Chinese, a general or a private, a soldier can't promise more than that. And there couldn't be a better Golden Rule for this Army of ours.

The Army's Poets

A QUERY

Do you love me to distraction, Mildred, mine? For my mental satisfaction (don't do that fine) will you let me out a letter, telling me you love me better than you ever loved another, Baby Mine? Are your brown eyes brown as ever? Honey, mine—brown as ever? (My, what shine!) Am I mentioned in your chatter? Does each of our heart go pitter patter, when the post man blows the whistle? Wife, mine? Do you weep and weep about me, Girl, mine? Do you get the creeps with out me, anytime? Do you hanker to caress me? Does

my absence distress thee? Art thou wearing out my bathrobe, Lady Mine?

ALAN R. THOMPSON, Sgt.

THE MASCOT SPEAKS

They say I can't go back with him. They say we dogs are banned. They told him that. They didn't think That I could understand. I've had him pretty near a year. Since I was just a pup. I used to be a sort of bum. And then—he picked me up. We've slept together in the rain. And snow, too, quite a lot. Cold nights we kept each other warm. Some days we ate—some not. Once he went to the hospital. I followed. They said, "No." He swore a lot and told the doc. Unless I stayed, he'd go. He's going to go home pretty soon. And leave me here—oh well—I wonder if dogs have a heaven? I know we've got a hell.

RACER.

A DAY IN THE R.T.O.'S OFFICE

THE R.T.O. (Looking for His Outfit): "Jolly of the R.T.O.?" "Say! Where the dickens do I go? Here's my order, read it. Bo: 'Without delay to Port Bordeaux. I've the trains for four and four. Finally landed up in Tours. And a caddy M.P. there. Sent me down to St. Nazaire.'"

THE OFFICER (On Leave to the Riviera): "Office of the R.T.O.?" "Really, I should like to know. If the trains from Nice to Pau ever stop, account of snow. Can a fellow buy a drink. On the dinner, do you think? Does the train from Pau to Mars Carry observation cars?"

THE Y.M.C.A. ENTERTAINER (First Time in France):

"Office of the R.T.O.?" "Look here kid, now don't be slow: The Colonel with me is me beau. And this here order's good as dough: Gimme a seat in the parlor car. For I'm a genuine French star. And I belong to the Broadway set. A Ziegfeld beauty, I am, you bet!"

THE OFFICER WHO HAS LOST HIS HORRAGE (Carelessness of Orderlies):

"Office of the R.T.O.?" "Sir! My name is Captain Love. Did my baggage get sent? On the train at Saint Malo? Do you think 'twas ever sent. On its journey, homeward bent. Or is roaming, fancy free? Will it ever come back to me?"

THE RED CROSS WORKER (On Leave):

"Office of the R.T.O.?" "Do the roads really hold. Through the fields of drifted snow. Round the town of Challes-les-Eaux? Can I on France's glory gaze. In a bit of foreign daze. Can I circle half the earth? Do I have a lower berth?"

L'ENVOI (The Poor R.T.O.):

"Turn with passion, sick with doubt. Fears within, and tears without. Nothing hoping, nothing gained. Nerves all shatter, scatter-brained. Days with foolish questions ridden. Nights with sleep and rest forbidden. He, like hero, bold and brave. Hopes for rest beyond the grave. MARSHALL B. KING, Engr. Clerk.

MAD/MOISELLE

Oh, you've helped me while away. And you've helped me smile away. Many long and dreary hours, mad/moiselle. I have laughed at your quaint ways. You have brightened all the days. But my heart is not for you, mad/moiselle.

That I gave a sweetheart true. Neath the Red, the White, and Blue. Long before I saw your land, mad/moiselle. Not a word of French I knew. Not so dainty, but by jingo. I have gone through hell for her, mad/moiselle.

I've admired your pluck and cheer. That has never had time for fear. When your little heart was breaking, mad/moiselle.

All your fears I'll remember. But, God willing, next September, I shall wed my Yankee sweetheart, mad/moiselle.

It was memory of her hand. Led me through No Man's Land. When all hell was bursting round me, mad/moiselle.

And all through the coming years. In our joys and sorrows, tears. We shall not forget your kindness, mad/moiselle.

R. A. HEDGES, Pvt., Co. E, 13th Marines.

O.D.

I've fired my last gun. At the hurrying Hun, And I'm quitting the Army, you see. When a civvy again. But two words will remain Of my soldier shop-talk. That's O.D.

Olive drab the terms means. But to me it sure seems That those letters are even mighty free.

At work or at play. In the night or by day. We've bumped into little O.D.

At taps in the camp. When we turned down the lamp. Our blankets, O.D., numbered three. And when reveille blew. We just fairly flew. Into shirt, blouse and breeches, O.D.

Officer of the Day. If he's coming your way. When the beat of the drum is to be. You spread your alarm. To your comrades in arms. With 'Heads up, boys, here comes the O.D.'

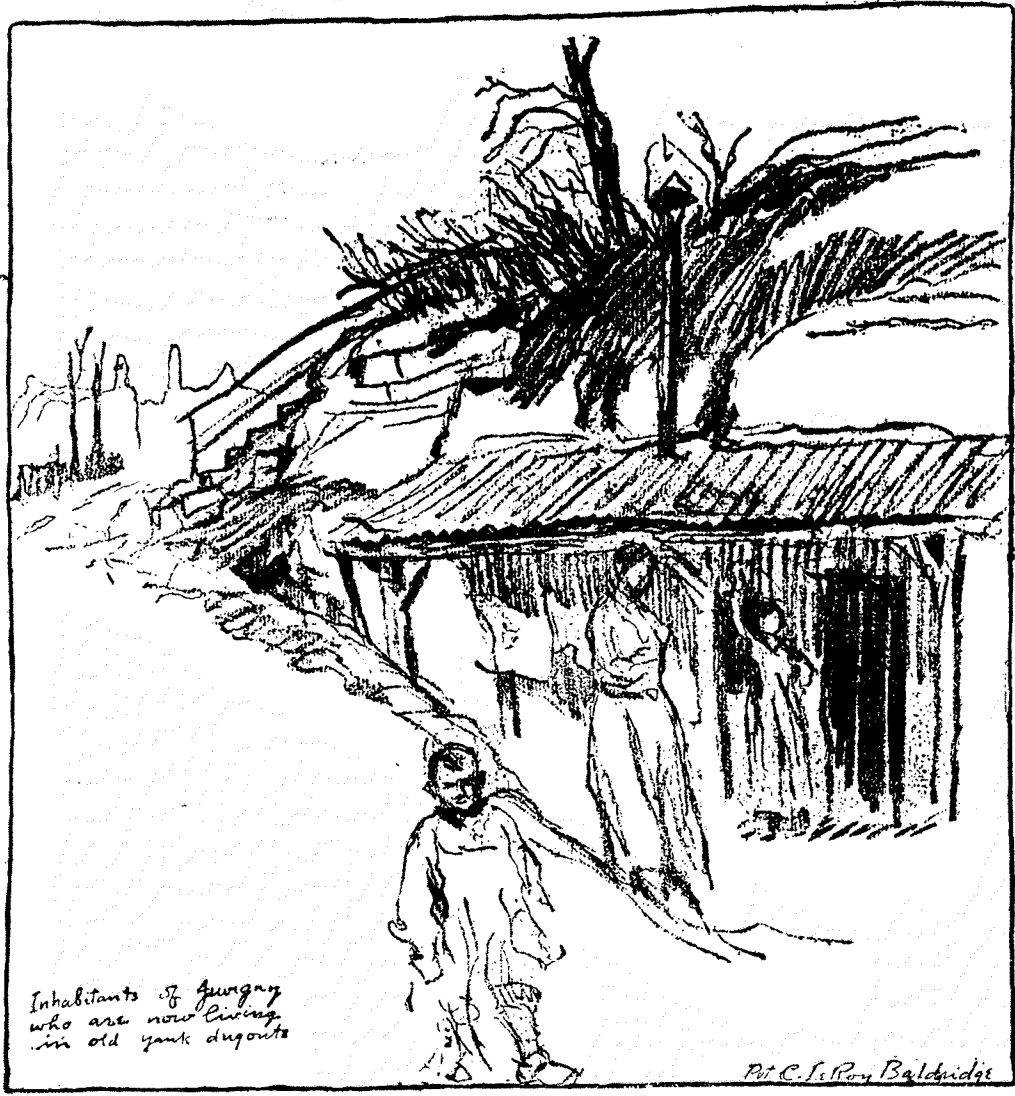
In France here, so fair. As a tonic for hair. Eau de vie gives great ecstasy. And soldiers have laughed. As they've merrily quaffed. Many glasses of French eau de vie.

Eau de Cologne is great. But it's not the best fate. Why that O.D. sound here too should be. And something much worse. That will cause you to curse. Is your package that's marked O.D.

When I'm free once again. And I pull up the rein. In the land where the bunchgrass is free. When the claret is at hand. All the calves that I brand. Will be scarred with a big, bright O.D.

J. J. ANIM, Casual, Wild West Div.

HOME AGAIN



Inhabitants of Juvigny who are now living in old yank dugouts

LABOR BATTALIONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Widespread publicity has been given in the newspapers published in France and the United States as to the method of handling soldiers AWOL under the provisions of G.O. 10, c.s. G.H.Q. Through the newspaper publicity thus accorded these AWOL's a wrong impression has become prevalent, even in the military establishments of the A.E.F., at the expense of the men of the regularly established labor battalions.

If those of the military service thus get the wrong impression, the civilian population at home, which is entirely ignorant of military matters, certainly is excusable for even a more exaggerated viewpoint.

The above-mentioned order provides that members of the A.E.F. found guilty by court-martial of being AWOL shall be assigned to special labor battalions created for the purpose. They are, therefore, virtually prisoners, but instead of being given various lengths of guardhouse sentences to be worked out in local disciplinary barracks, they are concentrated in these special battalions to be used for any purpose for which laborers are needed. The outstanding feature of the order is that they are to be among the last troops to be returned home.

The regular labor battalions in the S.O.S. formed under the stress of necessity during active operations, were drawn from many units, a few at a time, as necessity demanded the increase in labor. These men are soldiers with the same standing in the A.E.F. as any other soldiers performing the duty to which they have been assigned. As a matter of fair play, they, therefore, feel that they have a just complaint in the daily press' failure to draw the distinction between the two kinds of labor battalions.

When people at home learn that a man was in a labor organization in France they are more than likely to question his veracity if he claims that he was not serving out a sentence of some kind. Letters have already been received in which the question has been asked, "What have you done to be put in a labor company?" Within the last few days the AWOL labor battalions have had their names changed to development battalions, which draws a line of distinction between the two classes of organizations. Too bad the folks at home do not know of it.

W.C.G.

WELL, BECAUSE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

In your last issue there is a letter from a second lieutenant, signed "One of 'Em," and I want to take this opportunity of pushing his point a little further. I am a second lieutenant and have recently come back from the front, and I know a few things about it, so would like to ask a few questions of those who have been there and seen. Did anybody ever see a colonel lead a second lieutenant "over the top"? And in what battle was it that the generals drove the tanks? And when did the majors fly combat ships over the lines to engage in battle with the Hun? Have you ever read in the casualty list where it says, "Second lieutenants, unless otherwise stated?" The reason for that is plain. If the paper put the full title in front of every "shave's" name there would be no room left for the news.

So, please tell me, why do they kid the second lieutenant?

ANOTHER OF 'EM.

A.N.C.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

It seems that far too little has been said or written here or in America about the part played by the Army Nurse Corps in the A.E.F.

To those of us who have observed their work in the base and evacuation centers, and in the advance dressing stations, it appears that no organization has shown a higher spirit of service, and their devotion has risen above the routine nature of their duties and become a thing divine. Few of us appreciate that these nurses have served at a very real financial sacrifice, and have lived under much more unpleasant conditions than those afforded by their profession in civilian life.

The lads dangerously ill and severely wounded who have been nursed back to health from the "valley of the shadow" will not have to throw bouquets or sing the praises of the Army nurse. The gratitude they feel and the respect and esteem in which she is held by them is sufficient compensation to her. This is written, however, in the hope that it will bring a little cheer to those noble women who are toiling such long hours these days; and to show that we appreciate

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 22, 1918

48 MEDALS AWARDED IN LUNEVILLE SECTOR—Every Hank from Colonel to Private and Most of United States Represented in New Group of Honor Men—Major "Hot Officer" Under Fire Ever Seen—Two Sergeants Commended by Every French Officer in Sector—Trio of Corporals "Showed Coolness of War-Hardened Veterans."

SECRETARY OF WAR VISITS FRONT LINE—Inspection Tour of A.E.F. Takes Him Into Listening Post—Greeted by German Guns—Shells Tear Crater Within 50 Yards of Automobile in Which Mr. Baker is Riding—Complete Survey of Field—First New England and Ralabaw Divisions Complimented for Their Work.

MEN IN RANKS TO HAVE OPPORTUNITY FOR RANKS—Army Candidates School Will Continue to Train Promising A.E.F. Soldiers for Second Lieutenant's Commission.

SERVICE CHEVRONS BEGIN TO BLOSSOM—Regulations for Wearing Zone of Advance Decoration Announced.

DRY'S VICTORY IN NEW YORK IS POSTPONED—Delay Caused by New Advocates—Put a Question Before Voters.

date their having brought a little bit of America to us and proved "the greatest mother in the world" when our lives hung in the balance in far away France. GRATEFUL PATIENT.

MORE MUSIC

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Regardless of the fact that the armistice has been signed and troops are beginning to return to America, music for music lovers is still being shipped overseas. My work in this connection will continue until all troops have left France and Germany. If bandmasters will drop me a line before they sail for home, I shall appreciate the courtesy.

In addition to music for bands, I am now shipping for orchestras and jazz outfits the jazziest music, ever for dances—all of the very latest order—and what is now being rendered on Broadway. Just a card to my address will start a good collection on its long journey.

An assortment of vocal orchestrations and professional copies of the "newest in popular music" for show purposes is now going forward to divisional amusement units and minstrel troupes.

MISS RAY C. SAWYER, 79 Hamilton Place, New York City.

THE HOME FIRES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

The words of the song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," were written by Lena Guilbert Brown, a graduate of Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y. She was living in London with her mother and her crippled son when the war broke out and was very active in war relief work. In March, 1918, she and her son were killed by a bomb dropped by a German air raider. We are now raising a fund to erect a memorial building in her honor.

So many of the boys have sung her song and enjoyed it that I am sure this news will be of interest to them. I would be grateful if you would make the announcement in your columns. Lena Guilbert Brown Ford was a native of Elmira, N. Y., and graduated here in 1887.

FREDERICK LENTS, President, Elmira College.

76TH INSIGNIA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I am a sergeant of the 301st Ammunition Train, which is a part of the 76th Division, and I am stationed at Nantes, A.P.O. 767. There are a number of the boys with me and I am writing in their behalf to find out the divisional insignia of the 76th. I would appreciate it if you would answer my letter.

MEMBER OF 76TH DIVISION.

[The 76th Division, a replacement organization, was sent to the United States shortly after the signing of the armistice, and never had an insignia approved by G.H.Q. Some of its members, however, many of whom are still in France, are wearing the following shoulder marking: Black five-pointed star, with ship in center, having red hull and white sails, with figures "76" in yellow thread on sails.—Editor.]

HERE'S A MAIL RECORD

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Kindly publish the following in behalf of my buddy, who, being a member of the A.E.F., wishes to know if any one over here can come anywhere near equalling his record of receiving mail.

To begin with, it all happened back in God's country, where he inserted the following advertisement in a few of the widely circulated New York and Chicago newspapers:

Lonesome soldier boy wishes to correspond with some person who has no relatives in the Army. Address, etc.

Two weeks later he received 13 bags of first-class mail, 315 registered and specials, and two truckloads of second-class. It took 37 men, including him and myself, nine days (24 hours a day) to read over and sort it.

In the registered and specials he received the small sum of \$1,187.23, and in the second-class such articles as sweaters, helmets, gloves, etc.; in fact, enough to equip two companies of Infantry.

The next week he received, via the Southern Railway, 44 cars in one block (net capacity of cars, 20 tons), and it took half the entire camp of 30,000 men 20 days to read and sort it; three cars were registered letters, five special, 12 first-class, and the balance second-class.

I will not try to tell you the amount of money he received, because he and I got tired counting it, but can assure you he has enough left to make life what it is when he gets home.

Now, he does not wish to gain notoriety, but for the benefit of those in doubt, kindly publish his name:

Pvt. William T. Sheridan, Hq., 104th Ammunition Train, 29th Division.

Thanking you for your past amusing editorials, I remain,

W. L. McDONOUGH, Cpl., 104th Ammunition Train, 29th Division.

DOWN AT ANGRERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

It is our belief that THE STARS AND STRIPES is the official American E.F. newspaper. If so, we conveyed in your statements regarding the Angers Casual Officers Camp in your issue of January 31, 1919. Due to various influences and previous knowledge of casual camps, we did not anticipate an agreeable environment for the period before embarkation.

However, it is our belief that this is an efficient, systematic and well-organized military post as exists in the American E.F. Every possible detail has been taken into consideration. The treatment received by casual officers is absolutely just and exceptionally liberal. In view of the fact that these officers are returning to their homes and are in all possible haste to arrive there, one might expect impatience and grumbling.

This has not been the case. During our stay at this camp we have overheard hundreds of comments expressing feelings of content and very few

LIFE STIRS AGAIN IN RAVAGED COUNTRYSIDE ONCE BOUNDED BY DEATH-SWEPT VALLEYS

In the wilderness which the war wrought last summer from the once lovely countryside that lies between the Vesle and Marne, the future is at hand.

On all the tortured farms which the Allied troops wrenched back from the Germans in July and August, the soil is beginning to turn and the seed scattered for the harvest of next summer. In all the little villages where the invaders sacked and our guns laid low, life is beginning again. Slowly, painfully, almost unaided, out of its own vitality, life is beginning again.

The pussy willows are in bud on the fringe of tattered Belleau Woods, and violets are reopening for business along the roads that skirt the twisting Marne where the 3rd Division braced itself for the shock of July 15. The little sawmill on the edge of Pèren-Tardieu is busy as a bee with the lumber that must be made for the shoring of the rickety houses there, and, as you walk toward Belleau Woods from Lucy-le-Bocage these days, you hear the heart-breaking hum of the threshing machine, at evening hum of the grain of the immortal wheat-fields there.

Crop Plans at Meurey Farm

Meurey Farm, which the Rainbow's wild Irishmen from New York captured at the points of their bayonets, has been all patched up and the crop plans of the year have been inaugurated much as they have been from the same old farmhouse every year since long before America was discovered. From the high windows of the ancient Chateau de Pèren, which served the 7th Division as headquarters in the bitter days of last August, the candle-light shines hospitably at dusk, and the great lady who owns the chateau has sent word to the caretaker that she will soon be back.

There is no town in all the battlefield where hearths are not rekindled. Even those villages which are only ruins, where their villages were once, are picking up their way through such a mass of splintered beams and crumbled stone as Fismes, you say to yourself: "Here, surely, life will have recommenced." And then, suddenly, from around a pile of stones scrambling, hooting, laughing, will come a lot of French kids, fresh from the school that has somehow found a lodgment there amid the ruins of the Vesle city which the men of the 23rd, 32nd and 4th Divisions will remember all the days of their lives.

Schools Amid the Debris

The schools are open everywhere, working on the best reconstruction material the world will even know. The bus of Chateau-Thierry troop camp, moving to the old house where Jean de la Fontaine was born and, from the little building in Bezu-le-Guerre, which served the 2nd Division as a field hospital during the fighting last June, there comes these days the drone of the children rehearsing the first syllables of the lessons which mean liberty and law.

So Fismes has its school, and even if there is only one house left which really looks like a house, with windows and walls and a roof and everything, you may be sure there are flowers blooming in them. Perce-nelles, they are, Madame will explain from the doorway, so called, it seems, because they push up buds in the early spring snow and insist on being cheerful even when life is hardest. Madame's hand strays unconsciously to the locket which frames the picture of her son in the war.

"The help to begin over again, the perce-nelles," she adds, "and what else is there left for us to do?"

So she goes back to her work of cleaning, cleaning, cleaning.

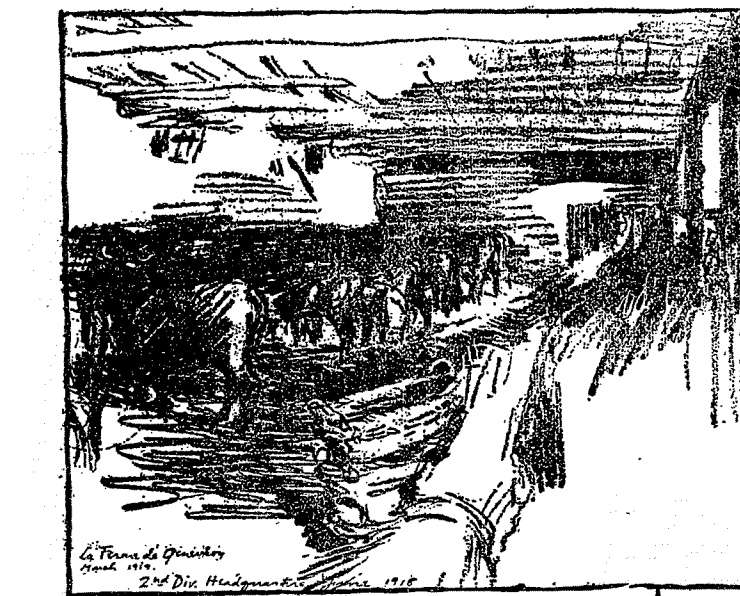
The Dugouts of Juvigny

And Juvigny. In all that area, there is no town—not even Vaux which the 9th Infantry stormed out of the clutches of July—which is so utterly demolished as the little hillside Aisne village which we captured when General Mangin borrowed our 32nd Division to tip his lance in his discard drive at the end of the summer. Juvigny lies isolated ten kilometers north of Soissons and can be reached only after a painful journey across a bitter country, laid waste by four years of battle.

There is not a house left in Juvigny. Nothing is left standing there save the hill-top crosses which the enemy still holds, and, though the guns have shot away half of the stones which formed the pedestal. And yet voices float up from the edge of the hillside. Here, in the March wind in front of the caves which line that ravine, and children trotted about the other day, nattering for Mard Gue in discordant American gutters. When the old folks were not looking, they have been known to play with forgotten hand grenades.

Food Stores in Main Centers

For in Juvigny, six families have crept back across the wilderness and started housekeeping in our old dugouts. While they mourn their dear fruit trees, which the enemy have saved down, little by little they are starting to cultivate the blasted soil. They eat what they can carry up hill and down from the distant ravitaillement



La Tour de Pèren-Tardieu
March 1919.
2nd Div. Headquarters

depot in Soissons. In all the main centers the Government has its food stores, and here and there civilian concerns, branches of the big Paris merchants, are reopening hopefully.

Occasionally, on roads once black with the endless processions of our guns and kitchens and ammunition trucks, a peddler's cart trundles along, laden with pots and pans and the other tools of housekeeping, while now and again a camouflet whizzes by, stocked with those indefatigable and driven by one of those indefatigable girls who work on the committee which Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. Dyke direct. They are all these aids and, in time, big contractors and great Government committees will put their shoulders to the work of reconstruction. But, in the heart of the French peasant to tend to it himself. It is pioneer life, as bleak and hard as that which our own forebears knew in the American wilderness, but lived now by a people who have no instinct for adventure and ask only to be let alone. Yet, trust the French peasant to prefer a rain-drenched cellar of his own to a palace in which he is merely a refugee. Trust him to putter about the rebuilding of his own home just because it is his own.

In the Train of Victory

Last August, when the wind still brought the thunder of the guns from the Vesle, they began coming back to their poor houses, and each day now the trains to Pours and Soissons and Chateau-Thierry pour out a host of the returning villagers, the same hapless people the misery of whose flight down the troop-jammed Marne roads last spring stiffened the determination of young America on its way into battle.

Some never fled at all, and now, back once more, the women at the washing troughs exchange strange tales as they wring out the clothes of the things that befell them when the Germans bore them off as captives.

The first people to return are a sort of aristocracy, and there is great excitement among the ruins when another family wanders tearfully back. The oldest inhabitant in each town can always tell just how many the colony numbers. Ask him at Vaux: "One hundred and twenty," he replies, without hesitation.

Or in Fismes: "Four hundred and thirty-six."

P.G.'s Toil to Undo Havoc Wrought by German Shells

There is plenty of labor at hand for the preliminary work of reconstruction—for the work that is, of clearing out the debris, piling up the usable stones, shoring the still wobbly walls and patching the roofs where the shells tore through. This work is being done by the Germans, by the thousands upon thousands of prisoners shuffling disconsolately over the acres their country coveted.

They are allotted to the different villages, chopping wood, tilling rubbish, digging gardens. Sometimes a little politeness to the teeth, makes a shallow perfume at standing guard over a knot of 30

or 40 of them, but, as often as not, the Germans trot about under their own officers. The citizens of Soissons stood open-mouthed the other day at the spectacle of one of the Hohes kneeling dolefully in the mud to tie the shoe of his complacent sergeant.

They exist from day to day, these human debris of the war, wondering what can be going on in the homeland, wondering when, if ever, they will see that homeland again, and if it will be worth seeing. They make a rush for every passing Yank, sometimes a whole platoon storming a lone passerby. But their object is not murder. Their object is tobacco. And the Yank is a little embarrassed when his affably proffered packet of cigarettes is scrambled for as monkeys scramble for a peanut tossed into the cage at the zoo.

Where the 30th Caught Them

They live in quarries, the Germans, or in rude barracks which have sprung up everywhere. There is a large colony of them in the Jaulgonne bend of the Marne, where the Germans flung their pontoons last July and, on the left bank, came to grips with the 2nd Division. Very, the little village where a platoon of the 30th Infantry fought till it was almost totally destroyed, is now a German town. But not German soldiers are among other factors, to the 30th Infantry.

Recently travelers on the battered road which leads from Reims down to Fismes saw a long line of men in Lincoln green, stretched like a snake across the roadside fields, a line that heaved up and down. For they were shoveling dirt. And the passerby knew that they were chance witnesses of a bit of history. For those men were Germans, and the task to which their weary backs were bent was the task of filling the trenches.

Sightseeing Army Already Deploying Along Marne

Bit by bit, such work as this is rubbing out the picture of war which the countryside still afforded at the end of last summer. There are, it is true, plenty of scars that time can never efface.

There are some that will stand for years to come, but even the tourists, who will come not singly, but in battalions, this summer, will not see what can be seen today. For spring will carpet the blasted fields and the farmers will fill in the shell-holes and cart away for next winter's fires the mass of broken timber which still litters Belleau Woods and Trigny Woods, still clutters the Forests of Pèren and Nesle.

Still a Mass of Wreckage

It is still a battlefield you see today from the high tower of the Chateau-de-Nesle, the thick-walled 16th century which still litters the Germans yielded up before the advancing troops from Alabama. Serenities, the town reduced to splinters by the guns behind the Chateau, lies to the west, and to the east is Surry, all desolate still from the battle that raged through its streets between the Prussian Guard and the Germans. There, close to the chateau, is an American graveyard, row on row of the Rainbow Division's dead, ranks and honors and faults forgotten, 700 in this one spot. And all the fields around, as far as the eye

can reach, are agleam with the pools of water formed by the shell-holes catching the endless winter rains.

The spring rains will gradually efface that hillside of 3,000 fox-holes below St. Gilles, the edge of the depression which the Americans, with good reason, came to call Death Valley. Already the winter rains have carved in the enormous dugout hollowed in the ravine slope in Coupru for the headquarters of the 23rd Infantry at the end of June. Poor, dingy Coupru. The debris still litters the floor of the village church, before the dawn of June 1, the first that held the bridges to the end. The tourists stare sentimentally at the more westerly wooden bridge which, unfortunately, does not happen to have been in existence at the time of the battle.

Forerunner of New Invasion

But, swept by the war for only a season instead of, as at Verdun, for four years, this countryside will soon lose its scars, and the tourists must hurry. Already their

NOW HE WANTS A TELESCOPE

"Have you any broken fever thermometers?" inquired a major upon entering an A.E.F. dispensary. "Broken thermometers?" repeated the pharmacist, surprised at the strange request. "Yes," answered the major, "I have been promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel and want some mercury to silver my gold leaves."

READY FOR EMERGENCIES

Inspecting Officer: What's the matter with the car? It looks about four times as bulky as those of the other men. "Yes, sir, I got one extra suit of issue underwear in there." "Oh—all right, then."

Ruck: Say, these here new kings of France weren't much on rank, was they? Corporal: How's that, budgie? Buck: Why, they was most of them Louis's.

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STAY AT THE
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A substantial discount and every possible preference and attention to men in the Uniformed Service.



German Prisoners filling in the French trenches at Verdun, France



John Trenchard
In the front end of Belleau Woods
A.E.F.

earth which is known on the French map as the Wood of the Marne Brigade. After this they buy some neatly polished champagne shells which the folks in Bouresches and Torcy are gathering with which to recoup their fortunes.

"Souvenirs of the Great War"

They pause again at Chateau-Thierry to do some shopping at the stores which carry the sign "Souvenirs of the Great War." Thus, laden, they take a bus up to the Bois du Chateau, to the edge of which wound the newly arrived troops of the 4th Division on their way to the beginning of the counter-offensive last July.

There, just a few minutes' walk beyond Bezu-St. Germain, is the huge, circular iron gun emplacement. The tourists write happily that they have seen the spot from which the Big Bertha fired its mysterious shells on Paris. What they have really seen is an emplacement planned for another such gun, but apparently never used. However, it doesn't matter. Who cares? Probably not the tourists, and certainly not the owners of the busses, who will be able to take up the great National Loan all by themselves without noticing it.

Pacifists Chew Cud Where Colonels Directed Battle

There are some sights, some shrines on the edge of the battle, of which the official guides know nothing and which the tourists are unlikely to see. It seems improbable, for instance, that the tourists will ever find their way in such great numbers to the historic, but little known, heights south of Soissons, where, on the memorable July 18, 1918, one of the most potent of offensive weapons ever forged was thrust forward by Marshal Foch to cut the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road and thus catch the Germans in the salient that reached to the Marne. Standing on that highland area, which the 1st and 2nd American Divisions, with the Moroccans between them, overran in those swiftest days, the pilgrim can say, "Here, on July 18, 1918, the tide of the great war turned."

Yet, so incredibly swift was the blow there struck and so swift did the tide of battle move far beyond that the famous highlands themselves are less scarred than many other areas further east and south, and the villages and towns are less populous with American memories. Yet, Berzy-le-Sac, now all in ruins, and poor, beleaguered Vierzy are American memorials of one of the most devastating and important engagements in history.

The Land of Quarries

Here is the land of quarries, from which the blinking Germans crawled forth to find the whole surface of the earth overrun with young gun-toting Americans in no mood for soft fighting. Here is Chavigny Farm, the utterly demolished 18th century farmhouse which marked the extreme right of the American jump-off and which had been the

training ground for the old American Field Service. Here is Longpont, with the fine de Montesquieu chateau laid low in the dust. Longpont at whose gates the Lafayette Escadrille encamped.

Here, a short distance back through the wonder-forest of Villers-Cotteret, is Pierrefonds, whose towering chateau looked down on the bloody remnants of the 2nd Division, captured nearby there on July 21 after its naked rush of 26 hours. That chateau visible for miles and miles, has new scars from bomb and cannon to show. It shows, too, long halls that were built to house the men-at-arms of the Duc d'Orleans, but which housed Yank troops all last summer. The old caretaker is still rosy with his recollections of their Fourth of July dinner, at which he was an honored guest.

The tourist, for instance, is never likely to find that damp, far-reaching ache which burrows into the hill just outside of Couvrans on the road to Mortefontaine. Only some still dangling telephone wires are left to tell the passerby that it was once the headquarters of the 1st Division, when prisoners choked the ravine outside and the roads were gay with Scotch troops coming up fresh and hearty to relieve the dog-tired Yanks.

Second's Old P.C.

The tourist is almost sure to miss the sleepy old farmhouse just outside Bezu-le-Guerre, where the headquarters of the 2nd Division were established during the period of the Belleau Woods fighting. Time was then no car could approach the spot and the vast, aromatic manure pile was horribly left undisturbed till its sudden disappearance should hint something to the photographers of the enemy air-fleet. The pile is still undisturbed.

The tool-shed, which once served as a witness-box for the long procession of German prisoners, has reopened for business, and the old telephone exchange is packed with new garbled grain. The long stable, once crowded with maps and first-aid kits, and the like, is now crowded with pacifists—a long row of them, placidly chewing their cud.

Mrs. Bellanger, mistress of the farm, has nothing left to recall the American invasion except her own uplifting memory of having laid four generals at once in her spare room and her useful recollection that though the Americans had sworn to her the enemy would never reach her farm, she lost heart in the nervous first fortnight of July and sold all her stock to some Parisian robbers of her acquaintance.

O.D. Still in Evidence Up and Down Marne Salient

Not all the Americans in the Chateau-Thierry area are the ambulance men and the photographic squads on duty there. There are the occasional line officers back on the terrain to point out the best subjects for the cameras to record. There are the men of the Graves Registration Service who are gathering the scattered dead into little, neatly fenced, roadside cemeteries. Five hundred here, 150 there, thousands of bare, sodden mounds, each with its wooden cross and metal tag, with here and there a stupor-functured funeral pile laid there by some French friend, or perhaps a cluster of pansies, planted by French hands on the grave of "An Unknown American," buried along the Paris highway he died defending.



FRENCH chefs are clever and cooks are great but can they make anything half so good as the tasty, home-made fruit-pies Mother used to make with

Minute Tapioca

WILD YANK AIRMAN SCARE WILD GEESE

Migratory Birds No Longer Have Monopoly of Old German Sky

Above the valleys of the Moselle and the Rhine, the flocks of geese, winging northward through Germany, are turning a-frighted from their courses these days. Their air lanes are crowded with terrifying monsters. Freedom of the skies is theirs no longer.

In their migrations, the big, gray honkers, after the way of their species, ever would follow the winding Moselle into the north. But these bright days, which herald the coming of summer in the land of the Germans and warn the geese to head for their way, have brought into the heavens trespassers who also have a penchant for following the mad windings of rivers, though not necessarily into the north.

The trespassers are flying men of the American Air Service. There are four squadrons of them. Some of them are photographing hundreds of miles of country in Germany. The work they are doing is preparation against any new war the Huns ever may attempt to wage. The birds, the Moselle and the Rhine, roads and woods, cities and fortifications and strategic military points, manufacturing plants and many other places that loom large in the American gaze are being photographed and the pictures filed away for study and future reference. They may never be needed, but if they ever were, America would not have to depend on German maps.

At Euren, just across the Moselle from Trier, once a German Zeppelin and aviation field, are stationed two Aero Squadrons, and at Coblenz are two more. They have taken hundreds of pictures of Metz and surrounding territory, up and down the valley of the Moselle, Strasbourg, and many towns and cities in Germany and Luxembourg.

While the Army of Occupation is doing squads right and those other things which keep it alert for its watch on the Rhine, the aviators are busy in the air. Even without threatening Archies below and the aerial batteries that only a few months ago were the German barriers in front of Rhineland, the work of Captain Leliana and his squadron and the other squadrons has its daily hazards. There are accidents, some of them tragic, but the work must be done.

The Air Service is functioning in Germany.

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When they get back home contractors will want these men to help speed things up—to boss the gangs that are rebuilding railroads in America.

Nothing helps so to speed up a man and keep him alert on the job as a piece of Adams pure chewing gum.

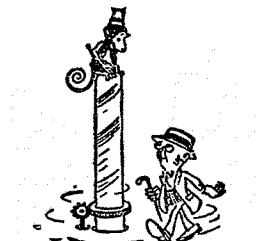
That was true here and it will be just as true there.

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Adams Spearmint
Adams California Fruit
Adams Yucca
Adams Sen Sen
Adams Clove

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS



If a man walks around a pole and the pole keeps on turning, does the man walk around the monkey?

Give up? Sodo we!

If a man wants his money back we give up without a whisper—our way of spelling satisfaction.

The best of everything men and boys wear.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
Broadway at 13th St. The Broadway at 34th St.
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And years from now those lads who play
Where chalk-lines mark a field of green
Will say, "But I have hit the line
When cheered on by a king and queen."

NEW ADDRESSES
MAIL
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A.

ON THE SCENT OF SERVICE RECORDS

It's a Merry Race Down at Bourges Catching Lost Ones

FABLE OF SARGE'S COFFEE

Salvagers Turn Out to Rout Missing Papers from Dugouts and Dumps

Once upon a time there was a detachment of 12 Bucks under a Sergeant, who were bound for a Base Post and eventually hoped to get to a Joint called America which they remembered reading about in the Newspapers.

While the Train was lurching around a Station for no obvious reason, the Sergeant asked to get a Swig of Java. Of course, that was the Time the Conductor picked to give the Engineer the "Allez" Signal.

The Bucks had lost their only Three Striper, but still were not feeling Jive. They wanted him back, which was the first Time such a Thing had happened in their Memory.

At the next Gare they piled off and were annexed by an M.P.

"Where you going?" asked that Bard.

"America," said one of the Guys, who happened to remember the name of the Place.

"What you want?" asked the Cop. "You ain't going, you're coming. And you're coming with Me."

Their Dope sounded Fishy to the A.P.M., too.

A few Days later, when Newspapers were allowed in the Brig, they read about the Sailing of a certain Vessel. There were no Clues.

Moral: Even a Troop Train starts some Time. Stick Abroad.

Which is one of the reasons for the existence of a service record department in the Central Records Office at Bourges. If Sergeant Blank hadn't left the train to go coffee hunting at the wrong moment, and hadn't taken the service records of the 12 Bucks, the voyagers with him, the course of human events would have been changed. The unlikely dozen would have reached their embarkation point in time to board their S.S. (the service records would have been O.K.'d by the proper authority, the U.S. Transport Service) and would have contained 12 more passengers, the guardhouse at Joliet-La would have had 12 fewer boarders, and the department at Bourges would have had 12 fewer service records to worry about.

FREE TRIP HOME IF YOU ENLISTED HERE

But Government Will Not Pay Expenses Back to Europe

Uncle Sam hasn't any objection at all to transporting to the United States those officers and enlisted men of the A.E.F. who entered the service in Europe. He is perfectly willing that they should be discharged in the United States. But—he doesn't intend to have any of them, after they have obtained that discharge back in the United States, present a bill for transportation expenses back to the place in Europe where they enlisted.

All this is made clear in G.O. 40, G.H.Q., which requires that commanders of all organizations under orders to prepare for return to the United States shall submit duplicate lists showing all members of their commands who entered the service in Europe, listing separately those who wish to be discharged in Europe, those who wish to be discharged in the United States, and those who can't make up their minds or at least fail to say where they want to be discharged.

In addition, the commanding officer is to obtain from each officer and soldier who entered the service in Europe a declaration in which it will be stated that he has had explained to him that he may be discharged in Europe, if he wishes, and that hence he waives any claim for travel expenses from the place of discharge to the place of enlistment, and that he fully understands that he must defray his own expenses from the demobilization center at which he is discharged to his home. A copy of this declaration will be attached to an officer's qualification card and a soldier's service record.

Those who fail to make any statement of their wishes in the matter of discharge will be transferred for discharge to the First Replacement Depot, or, in case the officer or soldier entered the service in the United States, to the service camp at Winchester, England, which is not unknown to a good many A.E.F. soldiers who came to France by way of England and still shudder when anyone says "rest camp."

Several hundred members of the A.E.F. are affected by the new ruling.

Coffee Drinking Seared

All of which would have been entirely acceptable to everybody concerned. As things turned out, it all proved a scathing indictment of coffee drinking, and a boost for Postum.

It is the business of the service record department at Bourges to play the role of Sherlock Holmes for lost service records. Needless to say, the service records of the lost service record means little to the average soldier except the temporary loss of handsome francs on pay day, but now that embarking are in fashion among all the best families, it is of immense importance.

Day after day a stream of couriers passes in and out of the service record department, bound for every point in France where American soldiers are concentrated. Day after day service records come in and go out: inward in cases where a record has been found in some out-of-the-way cranny, and outward in cases where a record has been located and the record is in the files of the G.H.Q.

They get lost in the first place? There are a thousand ways. The case of the coffee-hunting sergeant is typical of one of the commonest. He was entrusted with those of his whole detachment.

Hospital Cases' Records

Then there are the men released from hospitals and shipped to organizations other than their own. A big percentage of the daily average of 5,000 records which pass through the department are so-called hospital cases.

There are the men who have been transferred, cases where company clerks were negligent in forwarding the records at the proper time and in the proper manner, and later had no excuse to offer other than that they didn't know where the man in question had gone.

Salvage squads rescue thousands. Many a detachment, on changing trains, leaves part of its baggage aboard. In the course of time this is collected and forwarded to a service dump. In the course of time it is sorted and the service records are found. In the course of time they reached the department at Bourges in the course of time the original possessor gets his.

Discarded field desks yield their quota from long forgotten drawers and pigeonholes. In the wake of an Army train is almost invariably a trail of records. It's a game of hide and hideouts, with these valuable documents serving as paper scraps and the salvage squads following up the trail. A single cellar at Verdun yielded a cache of 281 records.

Plenty of Leaks

So it is that, although the vast majority of the 2,000,000 or so service records pertaining to the A.E.F. are dealt with in a workmanlike manner, there are enough leaks in the system to provide plenty of work for the staff in the department at Bourges. When night falls and the workmen are released, a new staff comes on duty to reassemble those records which have accumulated during the day, distributing them according to letter in the various compartments supplied for them. And, when it is known that as many as 30,000 requests for records have been received in one day and that every one of these has to be looked up, even the most skeptical top sergeant might begin to suspect that there is but little looking on the job.

So there's always one way out. If you've lost your service record—or had it lost for you, which amounts to the same thing—and if you've been getting only \$7.50 a month for station money, and your departure for God's Country is delayed indefinitely while they're getting dope for your supplementary, and your new C.O. won't be convinced that you're really the man who's the real stuff but thinks you stole them somewhere and that you ought to go on K.P. like ordinary guys, get him to send to the service record department at Bourges, A.P.O. 902, for it. Chances are they've got it.

FOR LEAVE MEN IN PARIS

American soldiers on leave in Paris are no longer confronted with the unpleasant experience of sleeping in back alleys or walking the streets all night for lack of available rooms.

The American Red Cross has just completed a "City of Welcome" for soldiers on leave located just opposite the Ecole Militaire on the Champ de Mars, Avenue Belgrade, and about five minutes' walk from the Invalides, whose dome is almost as sure a landmark for the newcomers as is the adjacent Eiffel tower.

The establishment can take care of 1,440 men a night. Coffee, sandwiches and cigarettes are served free, day and night. There are recreation, reading and writing rooms, guides, maps and an information bureau. Real beds, as good as can be found anywhere in the city, may be had for the price of one franc, all single beds and as clean as a whistle.

Two dances a week are given at the Champ de Mars. The dances are real, the fountains where real American ice cream sodas are dispensed free.

WHAT WONTHE WAR? WEATHER



Signal Corps Kept Tabs on Ally That Might Turn Enemy

THE way the wind blew used to be a vital factor in every naval battle. And it cut a big figure, too, in our late little land war. The question of which way the wind was blowing and its velocity was a big consideration in almost every operation on the American battle fronts.

The Artillery had to know the force and direction of the air currents through which shells would pass before falling in the enemy's lines. The Chemical Warfare Service needed the same information so that it could tell when gas shells would return to the United States shall submit duplicate lists showing all members of their commands who entered the service in Europe, listing separately those who wish to be discharged in Europe, those who wish to be discharged in the United States, and those who can't make up their minds or at least fail to say where they want to be discharged.

In addition, the commanding officer is to obtain from each officer and soldier who entered the service in Europe a declaration in which it will be stated that he has had explained to him that he may be discharged in Europe, if he wishes, and that hence he waives any claim for travel expenses from the place of discharge to the place of enlistment, and that he fully understands that he must defray his own expenses from the demobilization center at which he is discharged to his home. A copy of this declaration will be attached to an officer's qualification card and a soldier's service record.

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C-IN-C. THANKS AIR SERVICE MEN

Material Was Hardest Problem Encountered, He Tells C.A.S.

The extent to which raw materials from America increased the production of airplanes in Europe needed for A.E.F. air operations is emphasized by General Pershing in a letter to Maj. Gen. Mason M. Patrick, Chief of Air Service, A.E.F., in which the Commander in Chief expresses his appreciation of what the Air Service has accomplished. The most difficult problem of the A.E.F.'s air program was that of material. General Pershing states.

"At this time, when many officers and enlisted men are returning home and severing their connection with the American Expeditionary Forces, I am glad to take the opportunity of expressing to you and the officers and men under my my appreciation of what the Air Service has accomplished."

"To the Air Service fell the task of getting trained and equipped squadrons to the front, tactically organized and in sufficient number to act as a proper support to the American forces in the field. It was also responsible for the provision of balloons and balloon personnel, and in general, for the supply of housing, repair and maintenance of all aviation material."

"From the beginning the most difficult problem was that of material. For the earlier American operations, production in the United States could be depended on, but by increasing the delivery of raw materials from America, airplane production in Europe was stimulated to an extent that our Allies were able to supply us with the necessary material to support our operations."

The Air Service had by then organized a system of schools which had trained admirably our splendid flying personnel for pursuit and observation work. As they came upon the front they proved their increasing superiority throughout the latter months of the war. We were well on toward leadership in this when active operations ceased."

Expeditionary Forces realize and acclaim the gallantry and unselfish devotion to duty of their comrades of the Air Service. It gives me great pleasure to express my thanks and the thanks of the American Expeditionary Forces to all of your officers and enlisted personnel."

ARTILLERY BAND FRILLS

Fifth Avenue will be treated to something new to it in the way of military music if the 191st Field Artillery band which is now in New York upon its return. The folks at home will be treated to all that is dramatic and spectacular in the production of music by a French army band.

The grand flourish with which the French military bands begin the rendition of a march, starting with clarions and bugles and crashing finally into the march with the full complement of the band, struck the fancy of Col. C. McCormick, of the 119th. He purchased 21 clarions and increased the buglers in his band. Two French instructors were engaged.

And now, after several weeks of practice, the 119th band can play "Madelon" with the full fanfare of trumpets, tossing of bugles and flourishing of pom-poms of which most French bands are capable.

DIAMOND CRAZE GETS DOUGHBOYS ON RHINE

Shiny Gem Is Permanent Wealth, They Say, But Mark Is Not

"Good grief!" gasped the visiting major. "What is this—Low Dutchster's minstrels, or is there an epidemic raging among all the rich uncles back in the States?"

Before him paraded a detachment from the 42nd Division, glittering with—could they be? Yes, they were—diamonds, and honest-to-Pete diamonds, judging from all appearances. At the head stalked the band of the 15th Field Artillery, shining even more resplendently with precious stones than did their comrades. Bejeweled privates stood on the sidelines, nonchalantly flicking the ash from their maktin's with a finger which bore one or more gems.

One of them took it upon himself to explain.

"Well, sir it's like this. These here marks that we get seem to be a fluctuating sort of commodity. One day 160 of them are worth 100 francs, next day it's 110 to 100, today it's 200. So the boys get sort of hauled up in their count. They never know whether they were millionaires or busted. You couldn't get into a game with them without bringing along an adding machine and beacoup expert accountants, and then the game generally broke up in a fight."

Stable Commodity, Gems

"So they read somewhere that diamonds cost about the same everywhere and stay about the same all the time. It was like getting off a pitching and tossing transport and feeling solid ground under your feet, if you know what I mean. So the crowd took to saving up their jack and when they got enough they invested it in diamonds."

"Look at that sparkler on the trombone. That didn't cost a cent under \$100."

"We got a K.P. who's been saving his jack for three months and after pay day says he's going to get a diamond that the mess sergeant can use for a potato masher."

Which questioned, the principal jeweler in the town said in part: "Thunder weather! Thou dost fool! Heaven and hell! The American common soldiers buy all my diamonds. Got grant no corporals or sergeants come!"

BURNING BARGE HERO WINS S.O.S. CITATION

Ten Men Achieve Mention in G.O. for Meritorious Conduct

An August night in Paris three months before fighting ended gave Sgt. 1st Cl. Roy A. Miller, of the 57th Engineers, the kind of a chance that nature had fitted him for.

He was on duty in the States, in a barge, he accomplished a feat that has just won for him honorable mention for meritorious conduct. He is one of ten men who are mentioned in the General Order of the day for meritorious deeds of bravery cited in G.O. 14, Hq., S.O.S.

Sergeant Miller was sleeping on an American barge when he was awakened by an explosion in the vicinity of the barge. He rushed ashore and found a British barge loaded with naphtha blazing at the side of a wharf filled with Army property. Drums of naphtha were exploding intermittently.

After helping cut loose the barge, Sergeant Miller swam into the stream and fastened a line to it when the barge threatened to drift into a place where it would have endangered many lives. When this line was burned away, he swam to a small boat, got another line, took aboard two comrades, and, despite the heat and explosion, succeeded in towing the burning vessel to a place where it could do no harm.

In the same order Sgt. W. E. Robinson and Pvt. William P. Ryan, both of the 57th Engineers, are cited for saving the lives of a trainload of passengers at Langres. Most of the other male passengers on the train jumped when the engine broke loose at the top of a steep incline and two coaches started with gathering speed toward the bottom. They succeeded in setting the brakes in time to prevent the coaches from crashing into the station.

Others mentioned for bravery in the order are: Capt. George Ebert, Q.M.C.; Capt. Silas H. Withersbee, T.C.; Sgt. Melvin E. Dunley, 11th Aero Squadron; Sgt. Harold E. Lewis, 11th Aero Squadron; Wagoner M. Quinn, 162nd Infantry; Pvt. Frank E. Bridgeman, 98th Company, T.C.; Pvt. Orr Van Hume, 320th Field Artillery.

Fair Overseas Visitor: And, my dear, they're just the cleanest boys you ever saw. It must have been the day they sent their things to the laundry, for the major took us all over the barracks and there wasn't a sheet or pillow slip in sight anywhere! And not even a speck of linen in the mess hall!

"There goes one of the luckiest guys in the A.E.F."

"Thussen? Bourkand? Legion of Honor, D.S.M., commendation on his way, or what?"

"Better'n those. He just went up to the canteen and asked 'em if they had any salt water soap for sale."

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Clients of the Neufchateau Branch of The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

are informed that on March 31, 1919, all their accounts will be transferred to the PARIS OFFICE, 4, BOULEVARD HAUSMANN, where future business may be transacted, unless written instructions are given to remit elsewhere.

As our services are no longer required in that region, it has been deemed advisable to withdraw our Army Zone Office at Neufchateau in order to concentrate our attention on the departing troops at our offices in the ports of St. Nazaire and Bordeaux.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

PARIS BRANCH

AS SPRING DAWNS IN THE RHINELAND

The rising generation of Germany is not so much addicted to cigarettes as are the youth of France, but are in a fair way to become chewing gum fiends, judging from the requests which are heaped upon the Third Army. The soldier's answer is not now "No, comrade," but "No fraternize," thereby at the same time getting out of a dilemma and impressing upon the children the majesty of American military law.

Incidentally, the exact interpretation to be put upon the regulation against "fraternizing" is causing a lot of worry in enlisted circles. A decision recently handed down from a high non-commissioned authority is that buying a glass of beer is not fraternizing, but that tipping the waiter is that evil in its most virulent form.

The coolie and the itch, non-observers of amiable terms, will have to sustain a certain amount of strain from the onset of the Third Army. Nine big steam disinfectors have been ordered into Germany for de-lousing purposes. If it doesn't take the first time, there will be a second, third, fourth, or as many as are necessary. And while the men are going through one mill, their clothes will be going through another.

The new American salvage depot at Coblenz-Lutzel has now turned its German employees loose among the O.D.'s. All old clothes of the Third Army will go through this plant instead of the one at Tours, and complete arrangements have been perfected to reclaim everything reclaimable.

Overhead in a Trier mess line:
"Say, this war's going to help us married guys save a lot of money."
"How's that?" "Didn't you notice you were getting any more economical?"
"No, but now when the wife asks me for coin to get a new pair of shoes I can make her turn in the old ones first and make sure she isn't spending it for the movies."

There stands in the abandoned enemy ordnance office at Third Army headquarters, a Coblenz, a huge German shell, about six inches in diameter and nearly six feet high. It will never spread death and destruction, but some Yank with true Yank ingenuity has set it upright on its base and fitted over its mouth a circular wooden collar in which hooks have been screwed, and it makes the nicest clothes tree in the entire A.E.F.

What's in a name? An American private who had lost his detachment somewhere down the line drifted into Trier and spent almost a whole afternoon demanding the way to "Traverse," pronounced to rhyme with "Traverse." It was only after prolonged search and much racking of brains that somebody divined that he was putting an excessively phonetic pronunciation on "Trier," and that he was where he wanted to go already.

When the 89th Division Headquarters Troop entered Kyllburg, Germany, recently and established division headquarters a sheet was set out in one of the hotels for an officers' club room.

In one corner of the room was a large plaster-of-Paris bust of Kaiser Wilhelm. The Kaiser's walls were covered with plaques with heads in bas relief representing various German notables.

Upon entering the room after the first officers' meeting the landlord beheld the bust of Wilhelm in a shattered heap in one corner of the room. At the next meeting

TO MASTER MASONS

Masters of Field Lodges and Secretaries of Social Organizations of Master Masons connected with the A.E.F. are requested to communicate to the undersigned the following information for a Masonic Directory which is in progress of preparation, namely: Names of Organization, Names and Addresses of all Officers, Post Office address, street and number of regular meeting place if any.

Address
Recording Secretary, Travel & Triangle Club
12 Rue d'Assommoir, Paris

BLOIS IS YANKLESS, MERCHANTS MOURN

Famous Casual Camp's Closing Brings Grief to Banks of Loire

Free from the din and clamor of rumbling trucks and shouting doughboys that once filled its streets, Blois, the most famous casual camp in the A.E.F., is today almost completely evacuated of American soldiers. The activities of the Blois area were transferred to the First Replacement Depot at St. Aignan on February 15, and Blois ceased to be an American Army center.

With the exception of a unit of the 20th Engineers, Base Hospital 35, the M.T.C., R.T.O. and a few M.P.'s, in all about 1,200 men, the area is cleared out. There are still large crowds of French civilians gathered at the depot every day during the evacuation to bid goodbye to the departing Americans.

The evacuation met with all sorts of disapproval on the part of Blois merchants and shop keepers, who, counting on continued American custom, had large supplies of souvenirs, officers' trench coats and Slim Browne belts in stock.

Making change in Germany is not the easy matter it is in France or America. There are few small coins in the ex-Flammarion, so that if a shop keeper hands one a string of sticky ten-pennig stamps one must wait until the shopkeeper philosophically and let it go at that.

An American flyer at Coblenz recently, after several flights over the Rhine, suddenly made a swoop, headed directly for one of the lofty archways spanning the high structure above the pontoon bridge, and sped cleanly through it. The clearance is reckoned at about 75 feet.

The "Who won the war?" discussion in the A.E.F. has nothing on the Hoche argument on the equally engrossing subject, "Who lost the war?" A heated crowd dispersed by an American M.P. at Trier recently proved to be engaged in one of these controversies.

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THERE'S nothing fancy or "flosy" about real education. It's strictly a business matter. It's preparation for the man's size job of earning a living.

-Before many months or weeks you may be back home in the States. Will you be able to command promotion and increase in salary in the civilian job you want?

You may be thinking of wife and children. Will you be able to earn the salary to give them what they require?

Questions of jobs and salaries don't cause much worry to men with the right sort of education—to men who have knowledge and know how to use it. Such men are always in demand in America.

Have you the education to insure your "going ahead" in the vocation or profession of your choice? If not—

Here's Your Chance!

By General Orders Nos. 9 and 30, the Army has established post schools and division educational centers; also it has provided some university courses for a limited number of men.

Inasmuch as less than 40,000 men can be accommodated in these university courses, most of the men of the A.E.F. will find educational opportunities right in their own outfits.

See the School Officer of Your Outfit

Ask him about courses of study and training you're interested in. If you can't get exactly what you want, take the next best thing that's offered. The unexpected coming of the armistice cut short the time for preparation for A.E.F. schools. Many facilities are lacking.

But, after all, your own determination to increase your knowledge is worth more than all the texts and school equipment in the world. Look at Abraham Lincoln. Education is needed more than ever for success in civilian jobs.

As "plain business matter" you should look up the educational opportunities open to you in your post or division school.

In accordance with the General Orders, school officers have been appointed to help provide the educational and occupational training that G.O. 30 calls for—training "to meet the needs of the members of the A.E.F. in order that they may become better equipped for their future responsibilities" as civilians.

The Army Educational Commission, A. E. F.

By authority of
G.S. G.H.Q.

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